



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

SPECIMENS OF A METRICAL ENGLISH VERSION  
OF POEMS BY JEHUDAH HALEVI.

ODE TO ZION.\*

ART thou not, Zion, fain  
To send forth greetings from thy sacred rock  
Unto thy captive train,  
Who greet thee as the remnants of thy flock ?  
Take thou on every side,  
East, west and south and north, their greetings multiplied.  
Sadly he greets thee still,  
The prisoner of hope who, day and night,  
Sheds ceaseless tears, like dew on Hermon's hill ;  
Would that they fell upon thy mountains' height !

Harsh is my voice, when I bewail thy woes,  
But when in fancy's dream  
I see thy freedom, forth its cadence flows,  
Sweet as the harps, that hung by Babel's stream.  
My heart is sore distressed  
For Bethel ever blessed,  
For Peniel and each ancient, sacred place.  
The holy presence there  
To thee is present where  
Thy Maker opes thy gates the gates of heaven to face.

The glory of the Lord has been alway  
Thy sole and perfect light ;  
Thou needest not the sun to shine by day,  
Nor moon and stars to illumine thee by night.  
I would that, where God's spirit was of yore  
Poured out unto thy holy ones, I might  
There too my soul out-pour !  
The house of kings and throne of God wert thou,  
How comes it then that now  
Slaves fill the throne where sat thy kings before ?

Oh ! who will lead me on  
To seek the spots where, in far distant years,  
The angels in their glory dawned upon  
Thy messengers and seers ?  
Oh ! who will give me wings  
That I may fly away,  
And there, at rest from all my wanderings,  
The ruins of my heart among thy ruins lay ?

---

\* In translating this Ode I made much use of the prose version by Mr. Joseph Jacobs.

צִיּוֹן הָלֹא הִשְׁאֲלִי לְשָׁלוֹם אֲסִירֶיךָ • דּוֹרָשִׁי שְׁלוֹמֶךָ וְהֵם יִתְּרֶךָ  
 עֲדִירֶךָ : מִיָּם וּמִזֶּרֶחַ וּמִצָּפוֹן וְהַמָּזָן שְׁלוֹם רַחוּק וְקָרוֹב שְׁאִי  
 מִבֶּל-עֲבָרֶיךָ : וּשְׁלוֹם אֲסִיר תַּקְנָה נוֹתֵן דְּמַעְיוֹ פֶּטֶל חֶרְמוֹן וְנִבְכָּשׁ  
 לְרֹדְתָם עַל הַרְרֶיךָ :

לְבָבוֹת עֲנוּתֶךָ אֲנִי תָנִים וְעַתָּה אֶחָלוֹם שִׁיבֹת שְׁבוּתֶךָ אֲנִי  
 כְּנוֹר לְשִׁירֶיךָ : לְבִי לְבֵית אֵל וְלִפְנֵי אֵל מֵאֵד יִהְיֶה וּלְמַחְנֶיךָ  
 וְכַל-פְּגָרִי מִדּוֹרֶיךָ : שֵׁם הַשְׂכִּינָה שְׂכֵנָה לְךָ וְחַיִּיזְרָה פֶּתַח לְמוֹל  
 שְׁעָרֵי שַׁחַק שְׁעָרֶיךָ :

וְכָבוֹד יִי לְבַד הַיָּד מֵאִירֶךָ וְאִין שְׁמֶשׁ וְסֹחַר וְכוֹכָבִים  
 מֵאִירֶיךָ : אֶבְחַר לְנַפְשִׁי לְהַשְׁתַּמֵּשׁ בְּמָקוֹם אֲשֶׁר רִיחַ אֱלֹהִים  
 שְׁפוּכָה עַל בְּחִירֶיךָ : אֶת בֵּית מְלוּכָה וְאֶת פֶּסֶא יִי וְאִיךָ וְשָׁבוּ  
 עֲבָדִים עָלֶי כְּסֹאוֹת גְּבִירֶיךָ :

מִי וְהִגַּנִּי מְשׁוֹטֵט בְּמָקוֹמוֹת אֲשֶׁר נִגְלוּ אֱלֹהִים לְחַוִּיזֶיךָ וְצִירֶיךָ :  
 מִי יַעֲשֶׂה לְבַתְּרִי לִי כְּנָפִים וְאַרְחִיק נְדוּד אֲנִיד לְבַתֵּר לְבִי בֵּין  
 בְּתַרְיֶיךָ : אֶפּוֹל לְאִפִּי עָלֶי אֶרְצֶךָ וְאַרְצָה אֲבָנֶיךָ מְאוּד וְאַחוּגָן  
 אֶת עֲפָרֶיךָ : אֵף פִּי בְּעַמְדִּי עָלֶי הַכְּרוֹת אֲבוֹתִי וְאַשְׁתַּוְּמָם

I'll bend my face unto thy soil, and hold  
 Thy stones as precious gold.  
 And when in Hebron I have stood beside  
 My fathers' tombs, then will I pass in turn  
 Thy plains and forest wide,  
 Until I stand on Gilead and discern  
 Mount Hor and Mount Abarim, 'neath whose crest  
 Thy luminaries twain, thy guides and beacons rest.

Thy air is life unto my soul, thy grains  
 Of dust are myrrh, thy streams with honey flow ;  
 Naked and barefoot, to thy ruined fanes  
 How gladly would I go ;  
 To where the ark was treasured, and in dim  
 Recesses dwelt the holy cherubim.

I rend the beauty of my locks, and cry  
 In bitter wrath against the cruel fate  
 That bids thy holy Nazirites to lie  
 In earth contaminate.  
 How can I make or meat or drink my care,  
 How can mine eyes enjoy  
 The light of day, when I see ravens tear  
 Thy eagles' flesh, and dogs thy lions' whelps destroy ?  
 Away ! thou cup of sorrow's poisoned gall !  
 Scarce can my soul thy bitterness sustain.  
 When I Ahola unto mind recall,  
 I taste thy venom ; and when once again  
 Upon Aholibà I muse, thy dregs I drain.

Perfect in beauty, Zion ! how in thee  
 Do love and grace unite !  
 The souls of thy companions tenderly  
 Turn unto thee ; thy joy was their delight,  
 And weeping they lament thy ruin now.  
 In distant exile, for thy sacred height  
 They long, and towards thy gates in prayer they bow.  
 Thy flocks are scattered o'er the barren waste,  
 Yet do they not forget thy sheltering fold,  
 Unto thy garments' fringe they cling, and haste  
 The branches of thy palms to seize and hold.

Shinar and Pathros ! come they near to thee ?  
 Nought are they by thy Light and Right divine.  
 To what can be compared the majesty  
 Of thy anointed line ;  
 To what the singers, seers and Levites thine ?  
 The rule of idols fails and is cast down ;  
 Thy power eternal is, from age to age thy crown.

בְּחֶבְרוֹן עָלִי מִבְּחַר חֶבְרִיָּה : אֶעְבוֹר בְּיַעֲרָהּ וּכְרַמֶּלְהָ וְאֶעְמוֹד  
בְּגִלְעָדָהּ וְאֶשְׁתַּחֲוֶמְקָה עַל הַר עֶבְרִיָּה : הַר הָעֶבְרִים וְהַר הַהָר  
אֲשֶׁר שָׁם שְׁנֵי אוֹרִים גְּדוֹלִים מֵאִירָהּ וְאוֹרִיָּהּ :

חֲמִי נִשְׁמוֹת אֲנִיר אֶרְצָהּ וּמִפֶּרֶד־דָּרוֹר אֲבַקֶּת עֶפְרָהּ וְנִפְתָּ צִוָּה  
נְהַרֶּיָּהּ : וְנֶעַם לִנְפְשִׁי חֲלוּף עָרוֹם וְיַחַף עָלִי חֲרָבוֹת שְׁמִמָּה אֲשֶׁר  
הָיוּ דְּבִירָהּ : בְּמָקוֹם אֶרֶבָהּ אֲשֶׁר נִבְנוּ וּבְמָקוֹם פְּרוּבָהּ אֲשֶׁר  
שָׁכְנוּ חֲדָרֵי סִדְרָהּ :

אֲנִי וְאֶשְׁלִיָּהּ פָּאֵר נָזִיר וְאֶקֹּב זָמַן חֲלָל בְּאֶרֶץ טְמֵאָה אֶת  
נִזְרֶיהָ : אִיָּהּ יַעֲרֵב לִי אֶכּוֹל וְשִׁתּוֹת בָּעֵת אֶחְזֶהָ כִּי יִסְחָבוּ  
הַכְּלָבִים אֶת כְּפִירָהּ : אוֹ אִיָּהּ מֵאוֹר יוֹם יְהִי מִתּוֹק לְעֵינַי בְּעוֹד  
אֶרְאֶה בְּפִי עוֹרְבִים פִּגְרֵי נִשְׁרָהּ : כּוֹס הַיְּגוֹנִים לֹאטְ חֲרָפִי מֵעַט  
כִּי כָּבֵד מִלֹּאֵי כֶסֶּלִי וְנִפְשִׁי מִפְּרוּרָהּ : עֵת אֲזַכֶּרָה אֶחֱלֶה אֶשְׁתַּחֲוֶה  
חֲמִדָּהּ וְאֶזְכּוֹר אֶחֱלִיבָהּ וְאֶמְצֶה אֶת שְׁמִירָהּ :

צִיּוֹן כְּלִילַת יָפִי אֶחֱבֵד וְחֵן תִּקְשְׁרִי מֵאֵז וּבָהּ נִקְשְׁרוּ נִפְשוֹת  
חֲבֵרֶיהָ : הֵם הַשְּׂמִיחִים לְשִׁלּוֹתָהּ וְהַפּוֹאֲבִים עַל שׁוֹמְמוֹתָהּ וּבּוֹכִים  
עַל שְׁבָרָהּ : מִבּוֹר שְׁבִי שׁוֹאֲפִים נִגְדָּהּ וּמִשְׁתַּחֲוִּים אִישׁ מִמָּקוֹמוֹ  
לְמוֹל נּוֹכַח שְׁעָרֶיהָ : עֲדָרֵי הַמוֹגֶה אֲשֶׁר גָּלוּ וְחִתְּתֻלְכוּ מִחֵר  
לְגִבְעָה וְלֹא שָׁכְחוּ גִדְרֶיהָ : הַמְּחִזְיוֹתִים בְּשׁוּלֵיהָ וּמִתְאַמְצִים  
לְעִלּוֹת וְלֶאֱחֹז בְּסִסְגֵּי תִמְרֶיהָ :

שֶׁנֶּעַר וּפְתָרוֹם הַיַּעֲרֻכָּהּ בְּגִדְלָם וְאֵם הַבָּלָם יִדְמוּ לְתַמְיוֹ  
וְאוֹרֶיהָ : אֵל מִי יִדְמוּ מִשִּׁיחֶיהָ וְאֵל מִי נְבִיאֶיהָ וְאֵל מִי לְוִיָּהּ  
וְשָׁרָהּ : יִשְׁגָּה וְיִחְלוֹף כְּלִיל כָּל מַמְלָכוֹת הָאֵלִיל הַסִּגְנָה לְעוֹלָם  
לְדוֹר וְדוֹר כְּזִירָהּ :

The Lord desires thee for his dwelling-place  
 Eternally, and bless'd  
 Is he whom God has chosen for the grace  
 Within thy courts to rest.  
 Happy is he that watches, drawing near,  
 Until he sees thy glorious lights arise,  
 And over whom thy dawn breaks full and clear  
 Set in the orient skies.  
 But happiest he, who, with exultant eyes,  
 The bliss of thy redeemed ones shall behold,  
 And see thy youth renewed as in the days of old.

---

### GOD AND HIS WORLD.

GOD! whom shall I compare to thee,  
 When thou to none canst likened be?  
 Under what image shall I dare  
 To picture thee, when ev'rywhere  
 All Nature's forms thine impress bear?

Greater, O Lord! thy glories are  
 Than all the heavenly chariot far.  
 Whose mind can grasp thy world's design?  
 Whose word can fitly thee define?  
 Whose tongue set forth thy powers divine?

Can heart approach, can eye behold  
 Thee in thy righteousness untold?  
 Whom didst thou to thy counsel call,  
 When there was none to speak withal,  
 Since thou wast first and Lord of all?

Thy world eternal witness bears  
 That none its Maker's glory shares.  
 Thy wisdom is made manifest  
 In all things formed by thy behest,  
 All with thy seal's clear mark impress'd.

Before the pillars of the sky  
 Were raised, before the mountains high  
 Were wrought, ere hills and dales were known,  
 'Thou in thy majesty alone  
 Didst sit, O God! upon thy throne!